

THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN, THE MISSION OF WHOSE LIFE GIVES GREATER PROMISE OF FULFILMENT THAN EVER, WILL BE CELEBRATED WITH WHOLE SOULED ENTHUSIASM IN A FEW DAYS.

## ANECDOTES REVEAL MAN.

### Lincoln's Own Stories and Those Told About Him.

The centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, on February 12, comes at a period in the history of the country when, apparently, there is greater promise than ever of a fulfillment of the mission of the life of the Great Emancipator. When Lincoln's tired hand slowly wrote the words that struck off the shackles from millions of negroes he opened the door to an emancipation of the mind as well as of the body of millions of people. Charles Darwin, the great scientist, who was, coincidentally, born on the same day in the home of a physician at Shrewsbury, England, enunciated the theory of an evolutionary development from a lower to a higher form of life. Lincoln, with a stroke of his pen, gave to a race the privilege and opportunity of



"WILLIE" LINCOLN, WHO DIED IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The death of this loved son occurred at the time President Lincoln was being urged to present a plan of compensated emancipation, and it caused a cessation of the pleas for action.

Illustrating its capacity for development to a superior plane.

Never was the country more united in spirit and one part more sympathetic in feelings toward another than are all parts to-day. According to a South Carolina paper, the negroes of that state are showing a greater desire for a measure of education than are the children of white parents. The realization that the negro is entitled to an opportunity to work out his possibilities is becoming general. Moreover, the centenary comes just before the inauguration of a President who possesses some of the qualities of Lincoln and a tact and deep sensibility that



SAID TO BE LINCOLN'S TRUEST PORTRAIT. This picture, taken in 1861, is counted by many his most characteristic photograph.

win the affection and allegiance of all classes; also whose sympathetic interest in the problems of the South will go far toward completing the healing processes which doubtless would have been carried well forward by the continued life of Lincoln.

Like Lincoln, Mr. Taft possesses a broad grasp of national conditions and is firm in his convictions, a lover of justice and of the common people, sympathetic and approachable. Lincoln's arguments were the arguments of the sunshine. Without resting he won people to his point of view. Mr. Taft is sometimes called the Great Pacificator. He also brings warring factions to peace through the gentleness of his temperament. And Mr. Taft has shown a desire to continue Lincoln's work of emancipation by doing something to make more general educational opportunities for the negro. In his speech before the North Carolina Society in this city he pointed out that primary and industrial education for the masses of the negro race would be one of the greatest factors in eliminating the race question, and declared that he believed that the growing interest of the Southern whites in the development of the negro was one of the most encouraging reasons for believing that the problem would be solved. This was a forward step. Lincoln and Taft may be unlike physically, but they have not a few points in common.

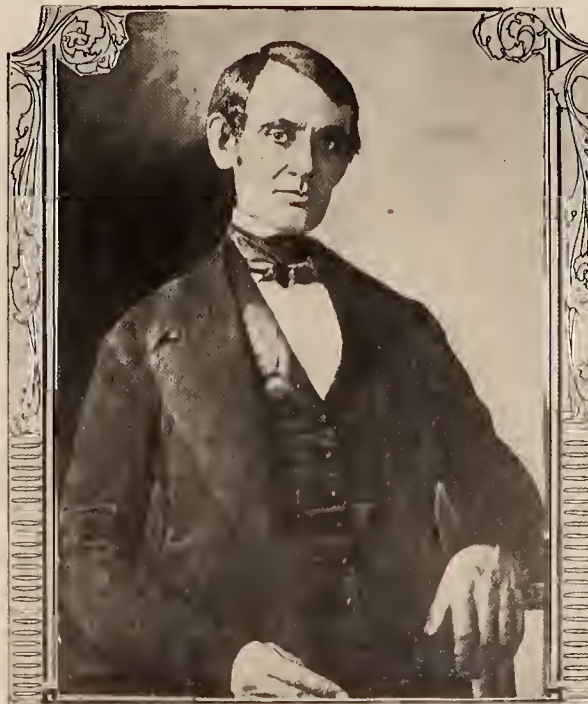
Even if Lincoln had never become the great war President, it is probable that anecdotes regarding him would still be floating about the section of the country in which he travelled as an itinerant lawyer, for his physical and mental prowess and his ability in pointing a moral

and adorning a tale with illustrations from the picturesque scenes with which frontier life teemed were such as to make him a marked and much quoted man. The dramatic unfolding of his life, begun in a pioneer's cabin and terminated in the White House, not only has supplied many stories, but has served to preserve and nationalize them.

Lincoln himself helped to keep alive anecdotes of his youth by occasionally drawing upon that period of his life for a story. One of these which has been preserved in this way is that of how he got his first dollar.

When Lincoln was seven years old his father moved from Kentucky to Indiana. He settled near Little Pigeon Creek, about fifteen miles north of the Ohio River, in the middle of a dense forest. As Abraham grew older he became a lad of all work and a useful adjunct to the neighborhood, for his services could be hired for 25 cents a day, paid to his father. He became a hostler, ploughman, wood chopper and carpenter and assistant to the women folk in doing their chores. According to stories still told, he was ready to carry water, make the fire and tend the baby.

A few miles from Gentryville, in whose neighborhood Thomas Lincoln lived, Anderson Creek flowed southward into the Ohio River. In 1826, when he was seventeen years old, Abraham added to his other accomplishments that of ferryman on the Ohio at the mouth of Anderson Creek. This experience opened new possibilities to him, and he became ambitious to try the river as a boatman and float some produce down to New Orleans. It was through this pro-



SAID TO BE LINCOLN'S EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPH. This picture was made about 1849, and shows him as he appeared at the close of his term as Congressman.



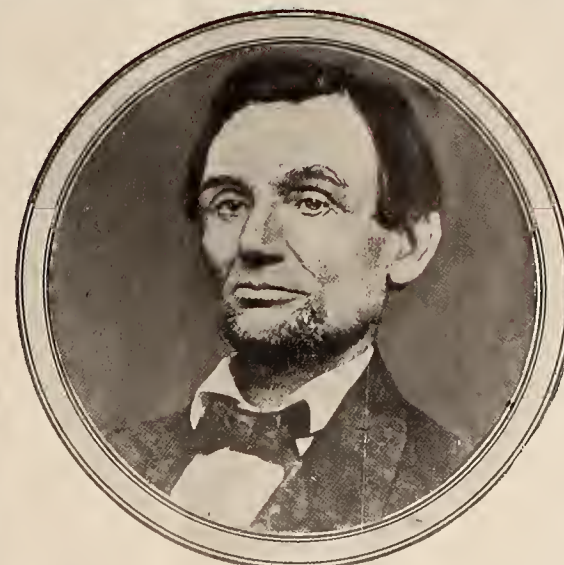
LAW OFFICE OF LINCOLN IN DANVILLE, ILL. It occupied the front room in the second story of the gable roofed building.



LINCOLN'S FIRST HOME IN ILLINOIS. In this house he was living when he became of age. The place was called Goosenest Prairie, and was near Farmington. Thomas Lincoln, his father, died here.



MOUTH OF ANDERSON CREEK, INDIANA. As a ferryman at this point, at the age of eighteen, Lincoln earned his first dollar.



LINCOLN'S FIRST BEARD. This picture was taken shortly after his first election. He began to wear a beard at this time, it is believed, because a little girl wrote asking him to do so and saying that he would look better with one.

jected trip that he earned his first dollar. This is how he told Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, about it: "Seward," he said, "you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," he replied, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs.' People who do not own land and slaves are nobody there, but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go and had constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered down to New Orleans.

"A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats 'inquired out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?'

"I do," I answered, modestly. "Will you," said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?'

"Certainly," said I. "I was very glad to have the chance of earn-

ing something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits (25 cents). The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me!' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned \$1 in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned \$1. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

The stories of Lincoln's love affairs have often been told; that of the premature death of the lovely young woman to whom he was first engaged, an event which threw him into a state of despondency, or his efforts to obtain the consent of another young woman to marry him, because he thought that a remark he had made to her sister morally bound him to do so, and of the strange melancholy induced at the prospect of marriage to Mary Todd, to whom he was engaged, which almost cost him the hand of the woman who was to become his wife. His unusual sensitiveness seemed destined to bar him from the married state. It was an amusing in-

cident which finally precipitated him into that condition.

The engagement with Miss Todd had been broken off. James Shields, an Irishman, who was unique among other things in being somewhat lacking in a sense of humor, was at the time Auditor of the State of Illinois, and living at Springfield, where Miss Todd and Lincoln were also living. Shields was afterward a United States Senator from two different states and a general in the war. Both sensitive and frangible in party warfare, he, together with the Democratic Governor and the treasurer of the state, issued a circular order forbidding the payment of taxes in the depreciated paper of the state banks of Illinois. The Whigs were endeavoring to make political capital by charging that the order was issued to bring enough silver into the treasury to pay the salaries of these officials of the opposite party. Using this as a basis of argument, a couple of clever Springfield girls, of whom Miss Todd was one, wrote a



MRS. LINCOLN IN HER WEDDING GOWN.

series of humorous letters in country dialect, purporting to come from the "Lost Townships," and signed by "Aunt Rebecca," who called herself a farmer's widow. These were published in "The Sangamon Journal." They embellished their simulated plaint about taxes with an embroidery of fictitious social happenings and personal allusions to the State Auditor that put the town on a grin and Shields into a rage. The young women, anxious to have the political basis correct, consulted with Abraham Lincoln. As a pattern he wrote the first.

Shields, in a fury, demanded of the editor the name of the author. In a quavering letter he responded to Lincoln. Lincoln told him to give his name and say nothing about the young women. Shields sent a challenge to Lincoln. Lincoln acknowledged writing the first of the letters, and explained that he had had no intention of injuring the character or standing of Mr. Shields, and did not think the article could produce or

Continued on eighth page.



ROOM IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., WHERE LINCOLN HAD HIS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS.



Anonymous

New York Daily Tribune:  
January 31, 1909, pp. 4-5  
Incomplete